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Law Respecting Newspapers. 1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

Rates of Advertising. Six lines and under, first insertion . . . . . 50 cents. Each subsequent insertion . . . . . 13 "

Business Directory. H. H. STOVEL, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, MOUNT FOREST.

DR. WOOD, CORNER, LICENSED TO PRACTICE PHYSIC, SURGERY AND MIDWIFERY, DURHAM.

B. DONOHUE, GENERAL MERCHANT, Traveller's Home Inn, Garafaxa Road, five miles from Durham.

Dr. Danbar, PHYSICIAN, MOUNT FOREST, Dec. 2, 1858.

JOHN ELLIOTT, TAILOR. THE Subscriber announces to the Public that he has commenced the above business in the premises adjoining the SCHOOL HOUSE.

SAMUEL E. LEGATE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES DURHAM. Durham, Dec. 2, 1858.

S. B. CHAFFEY, Conveyancer, Commissioner in Court of Queen's Bench and Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Chaffey's Mills, Glenelg, Jan. 12, 1859.

J. GEDDES, Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., MOUNT FOREST, COUNTIES OF WELLINGTON AND GREY. Mount Forest, July 21, 1859.

J. F. BROWN, DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST, Durham. KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Stationery, &c., &c. Durham, Dec. 2, 1858.

LUMBER. For sale, by private bargain, 400,000 feet Seasoned first-class Lumber. Cattle, grain, or reliable Notes will be taken in exchange.

ROBERT DALGLISH, 3rd con. N. D. R. Bentinck. May 10, 1860.

H. H. STOVEL, CONVEYANCER, Fire & Life Insurance Agent, MOUNT FOREST.

UNION HOTEL AND General Stage Office, FERGUS, BY R. D. COULSON.

STAGES leave this house for Guelph, Arthur, Mount Forest, Durham, and Owen Sound DAILY.

Travellers' Home Inn, BY THEODORE ZASS, Township of Arthur.

ALEX. B. McNAB, POSTMASTER, Conveyancer, Commissioner in Queen's Bench and Commission General Agent.

INSURANCE. The subscriber is Agent for the Corn Exchange Fire and Inland Navigation Insurance Co.

LANDS FOR SALE. FIVE acres of excellent land, situated on the Durham Gravel Road West, 16 rods frontage, one mile from Allanpark P. O., and is an excellent situation for a tavern or country store.

ROB ROY HOTEL, PRICEVILLE, BY EDWARD McDONALD.

DR. CRAWFORD, DURHAM, CORONE FOR T. E. COUNTY OF GREY.

ARGYLE HOTEL, DURHAM, BY A. McFARLANE.

SAUGERN HOTEL, PRICEVILLE, BY E. B. McMILLAN.

W. R. RIMBOUGH, Provincial Land Surveyor, CONVEYANCER, DRAUGHTSMAN, AND COMMISSIONER IN THE Court of Queen's Bench.

POETRY.

England's Hope and England's Heir.

BY CHARLES SANISTER, KINGSTON.

England's Hope and England's Heir! Head and crown of Britain's glory, Be thy future half so fair.

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Miscellaneous Reading.

\$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DANESBURY OPERATIVES.

(Continued)

How good on Jessy Gould? We had better see. She would have got on very well but for the public houses; but Richard had learnt to like them much.

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"All that way!" exclaimed Mrs. Reed. She went splashing wearily on, till she arrived at it, and asked to see him.

"What do you want, a coming hunting after me?" he exclaimed, with a scowl.

"What is the use of five shillings?" she asked, pushing it back. But he buttoned up his breeches pockets, and told her she might take that, or none.

"Don't you come home with me?" she resumed, not choosing to argue the matter then.

"Home with her? was the answer. A pretty piece of impudence she must be, to ask that."

"Is he here?" she demanded, her breath redolent of spirits, and her voice unsteady.

"None of that, Dame Tailor. You can't go in there, to make a row; we know you of old. If you want him, I'll fetch him out."

"Fetch him out then, and be quick about it."

"Good-evening, Mrs. Gould. I'm come to ask you to let me leave my key here."

"A'n't it a shame?" she began. "Here's that drunken brute of mine never come home again! He's off, as usual, with the rest of the house for to-morrow, neither candles, nor coals, not even a bit of soap, I hadn't, to wash the poor children with—so I had to put 'em to bed, dirty."

"Ay; it is a shame," said Mrs. Gould. "They are all alike, I think. My husband promised to come home, and he has never come. We are invited to Mr. Harding's to dinner to-morrow, children and all, and I wanted to buy new shoes for the two eldest, but I'm not going to take them there in their shabby old ones, which are off their feet, and Richard knows the new shoe-shop won't give an hour's credit. The men are all alike."

"No, they are not all alike; I wish they were, if it was like your Gould. If he do go out at night, he don't get drunk, and drink all his money away, as that sot of a Reed, of mine, do."

"Jessy thought to herself that he drank away far more than he ought of it, but she did not say so."

"Law no! I'm off to find him out, and get some money from him. It's hard lines, and it's harder when he gets drunk on wages night, for then the money melts like butter. Not but what I'm loth to leave your fire, and turn out into it; so comfortable as you be here, to be sure!"

"You will get a dreadful soaking," exclaimed Mrs. Gould. "Have you an umbrella?"

"A crazy old thing, bent and broke. But no umbrella won't be of much good to-night. Good-evening for the present."

"Away she clanked in her pattens, through the garden-gate and along the road. The first thing the wind did, was to take the 'crazy old umbrella,' and turn it inside out. She went on in the rain, not knowing at which of the public-houses she might find him, and with something very like a malediction in her heart on all of them. They were numerous, and she tried several unsuccessfully. It was a weary search, and she grew disheartened; she was wet to the skin, and returned to Prospect Row, hoping he had gone home."

"Has he been inside Mrs. Gould's door?" "No; here it is. Have you seen anything of my husband?"

"I have seen nothing of either of them. I wish the beer-houses were burnt!" added Mrs. Reed, in exasperation. "What a life is mine, to be tied to such a sot?"

"Back again to the search. She must have money for her marketings, and she must try and prevent him getting intoxicated. Just before eleven o'clock, the hour when the shops closed, she heard where he was. An acquaintance, bent on the same errand as herself gave her information that he, and about fifteen other, were at that noted public, the Pig and Whistle, 'a-toping themselves stupid.'"

will!" "She has had enough to drive her on to it, like some of the rest of us. Your husband's not come home, for I saw him in the tap-room down there at the Pig. I'm sure it's all enough to wear the life's hope out of one. It's well that you can sit there so calm, and read that good book. I am never in the frame of mind for it."

"The more crosses we have, the more we ought to go to it, for it is in trouble that we find its comfort," murmured Mrs. Gould. "I have taught Richard to care for it a little. He did not when we married, and I think it is that which has kept him stouter than some."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BLACK MATT.

OR HOW A SLAVE SOLD HIS OWN MASTER.

Matthew Hobson (generally called Black Matt on account of the darkness of his complexion) was well known among the inhabitants of the seaboard of Virginia, some years ago as a slave dealer, and accomplished breaker in of bad flesh.

"What is the use of five shillings?" she asked, pushing it back. But he buttoned up his breeches pockets, and told her she might take that, or none.

"Don't you come home with me?" she resumed, not choosing to argue the matter then.

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"She'll drink herself to death, that woman will!"